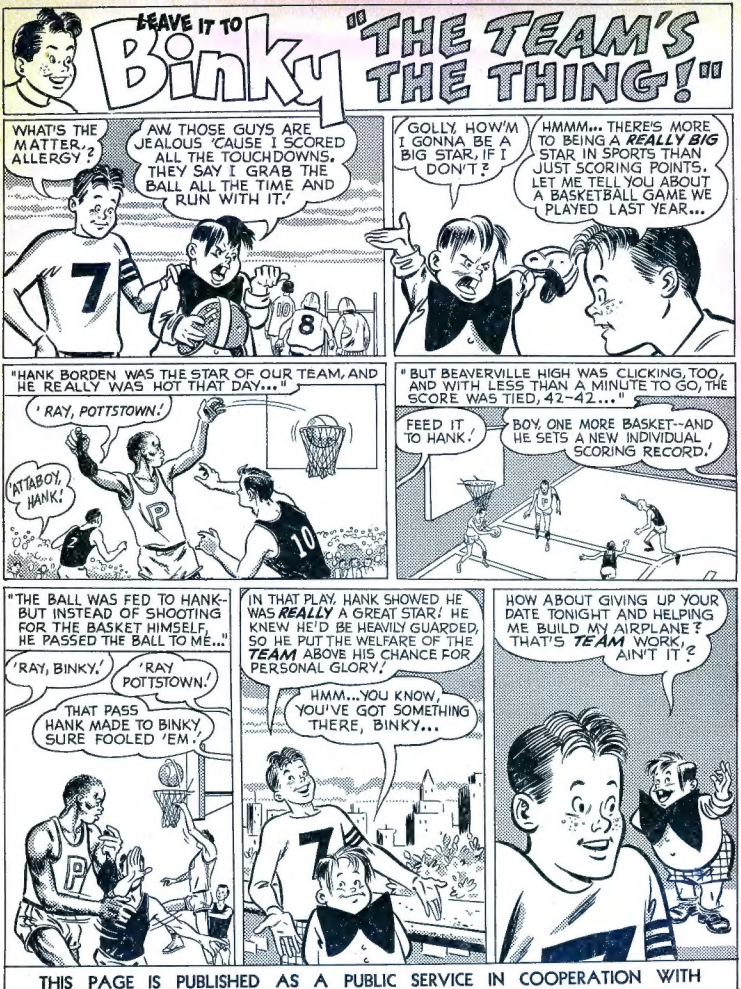
NEW STORIES OF TV AND RADIO'S HIT SHOWS!

MAR.-APR. NO.14

10c

BIG TOWN

CAGED FURY BREAKS LOOSE AS STEVE WILSON UNCOVERS "THE MYSTERY AT THE BIG TOWN ZOO!"


LEAVE IT TO Binky
"THE TEAM'S THE THING!"
WHAT'S THE MATTER, ALLERGY?
AW, THOSE GUYS ARE JEALOUS 'CAUSE I SCORED ALL THE TOUCHDOWNS. THEY SAY I GRAB THE BALL ALL THE TIME AND RUN WITH IT.'
GOLLY, HOW'M I GONNA BE A BIG STAR, IF I DON'T?
HMMM... THERE'S MORE TO BEING A REALLY BIG STAR IN SPORTS THAN JUST SCORING POINTS. LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT A BASKETBALL GAME WE PLAYED LAST YEAR...
"HANK BORDEN WAS THE STAR OF OUR TEAM, AND HE REALLY WAS HOT THAT DAY..."
'RAY, POTTSTOWN!'
'ATTABOY, HANK!
"BUT BEAVERVILLE HIGH WAS CLICKING, TOO, AND WITH LESS THAN A MINUTE TO GO, THE SCORE WAS TIED, 42-42..."
FEED IT TO HANK!'
BOY, ONE MORE BASKET--AND HE SETS A NEW INDIVIDUAL SCORING RECORD.'
"THE BALL WAS FED TO HANK-BUT INSTEAD OF SHOOTING FOR THE BASKET HIMSELF, HE PASSED THE BALL TO ME..."
'RAY, BINKY.'
'RAY POTTSTOWN.'
THAT PASS HANK MADE TO BINKY, SURE FOOLED 'EM.
IN THAT PLAY, HANK SHOWED HE WAS REALLY A GREAT STAR! HE KNEW HE'D BE HEAVILY GUARDED, SO HE PUT THE WELFARE OF THE TEAM ABOVE HIS CHANCE FOR PERSONAL GLORY!
HMM...YOU KNOW, YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, BINKY...
HOW ABOUT GIVING UP YOUR DATE TONIGHT AND HELPING ME BUILD MY AIRPLANE? THAT'S TEAM WORK, AIN'T IT?

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BIG TOWN

WHAT--YOU MIGHT ASK--COULD BE MORE INNOCENT THAN A DAY AT THE ZOO? ON A ROUTINE ASSIGNMENT IN *BIG TOWN'S* FAMOUS ANIMAL HABITAT, STEVE WILSON AND LORELEI KILBOURNE OF THE *ILLUSTRATED PRESS* HAD NO REASON TO SUSPECT HIDDEN PERIL! BUT WHEN THEY RAN SMACK INTO MASKED RAIDERS TRYING TO WRECK A GORILLA'S CAGE, THEY KNEW A HEADLINE STORY WAS IN THE MAKING...

"MYSTERY at the BIG TOWN ZOO!"

IN *BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS* OFFICE, PUBLISHER MACGRATH HANDS OUT A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT!

STEVE, I KNOW YOU AND LORELEI ARE WORKING ON THOSE BAKER HEIGHTS JEWEL ROBBERIES--BUT I WANT YOU TO COVER *AFRICA'S* BIRTHDAY THIS AFTERNOON!

YOU MEAN THE ZOO GORILLA, CHIEF?

THE ANIMAL WAS CAPTURED 12 YEARS AGO--AND THE CITY HAS JUST PRESENTED HIM WITH A NEW $10,000 CAGE! IT OUGHT TO BE QUITE AN EVENT--GETTING HIM INTO IT!

OKAY, MAC! WE'RE STUMPED ON THOSE ROBBERIES ANYWAY...

AS THE NEWSHAWK TEAM DRIVES UP TO BIG TOWN'S ZOO...
THE ODD THING ABOUT THE THEFTS, LORELEI, IS THAT NOT A SINGLE STOLEN JEWEL HAS TURNED UP ANYWHERE.'
THE THIEVES MUST BE KEEPING THE LOOT UNDER COVER TILL THE HEAT'S OFF.'
BUT WHERE? INSPECTOR CALLAHAN AND HIS MEN HAVE SCOURED THE CITY FOR THREE WEEKS NOW.'
TO AFRICA'S 12TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
ZOO
SUDDENLY...
LISTEN--SOMEONE GROANING.' AND THAT NOISE--SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE IN THAT TENT, LORELEI.'
UHHH...
CRASH
AS THE AROUSED NEWSMAN LEAPS THROUGH A CANVAS OPENING...
UHH...
A ZOO KEEPER HURT--AND MASKED MEN ATTACKING AFRICA'S NEW CAGE WITH AXES.'
LORELEI--GET THE ZOO GUARDS.'
FEARLESSLY, STEVE WILSON PLUNGES AMONG THE WRECKERS...
ODD THAT MASKED MEN SHOULD STAGE A DAYLIGHT RAID IN THE ZOO TO DESTROY A NEW CAGE.'
STEVE WILSON.'
PLUG HIM, MIFFER.'
A GUN.' THESE MEN AREN'T JUST VANDALS--THEY'RE READY TO PLAY ROUGH.'
2

WITH UNERRING AIM, STEVE LETS FLY THE AXE HE HAS GRABBED...
KNOCKED MY GUN AWAY--
LET'S GET OUTA HERE.' THIS PLACE'LL BE FULL O' COPS IN A MINUTE.'

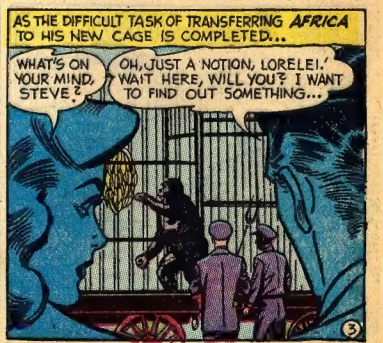
THEN... AS THE LONE NEWSMAN HURTLES AT THE THUGS TO PREVENT THEIR FLIGHT...
MY HEAD.' UHH--- WHAT'S HAPPENING.?
FOR PETE'S SAKE.' THAT KEEPER HAD TO COME TO--JUST AT THE WRONG TIME.'

WHEN THE ZOO CURATOR AND OTHERS REACH THE TENT... LED BY LORELEI...
I FOUND THE GANG USING AXES ON THE CAGE, MR. LARSDEN.' THEY SLUGGED ME--
AND GOT AWAY WHEN THE KEEPER ACCIDENTALLY TRIPPED ME UP.'

THANKS TO YOU, MR. WILSON, THE NEW CAGE IS HARDLY DAMAGED.' WE'LL BE ABLE TO GO ON WITH THE CELEBRATION.'
WHY SHOULD ANYONE TRY TO DESTROY THAT CAGE, STEVE?

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WONDERING.' LET'S SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN AFRICA'S CAGE.'
THERE'S THE BIG GORILLA NOW.' GOSH.' HE SURE LOOKS MEAN.'

THEY SAY NO ONE'S BEEN INSIDE HIS CAGE FOR THE LAST SIX YEARS.' AND ONLY ECKERT, HIS KEEPER, EVER DARES GO NEAR HIM.
HMMM... THAT'S RIGHT.' NO ONE'S BEEN IN THAT CAGE.'

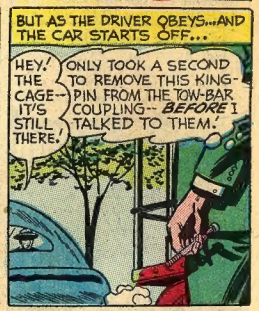

AS THE DIFFICULT TASK OF TRANSFERRING AFRICA TO HIS NEW CAGE IS COMPLETED...
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, STEVE?
OH, JUST A NOTION, LORELEI.' WAIT HERE, WILL YOU? I WANT TO FIND OUT SOMETHING...

IN THE CURATOR'S OFFICE... A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THE OLD CAGE? ODD YOU SHOULD ASK ABOUT IT, MR. WILSON. THREE MEN HAVE JUST BOUGHT IT--FOR MORE MONEY THAN THE ZOO COULD AFFORD TO TURN DOWN.
THREE MEN? ER--- THANKS, MR. LARSDEN.

MOMENTS LATER... THE ILLUSTRATED PRESSMAN SEEKS OUT HIS PRETTY ASSISTANT...
I'LL DO WHAT YOU ASK, STEVE--BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND--
SKIP ALONG, LORY! ACTION NOW--EXPLANATIONS LATER! I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO.

THERE ARE THE THREE MEN WHO BOUGHT THE CAGE--HITCHING IT ONTO THEIR CAR! THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE ANIMAL-FANCIERS TO ME. GOT TO DELAY THEM--

OUT COMES STEVE'S PAD AND PENCIL--AND HIS MOST PROFESSIONAL MANNER...
EXCUSE ME, GENTS. I'M WILSON OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS. THERE MAY BE A STORY IN YOUR BUYING THAT OLD CAGE. I'D LIKE AN INTERVIEW...
BEAT IT. WE DON'T LIKE REPORTERS. STEP ON IT, JOE.


BUT AS THE DRIVER OBEYS... AND THE CAR STARTS OFF...
HEY! THE CAGE--IT'S STILL THERE.
ONLY TOOK A SECOND TO REMOVE THIS KINGPIN FROM THE TOW-BAR COUPLING--BEFORE I TALKED TO THEM.

WHAT IN BLAZES? THE KINGPIN'S MISSING--
I KNOW THERE'S A GOOD STORY IN YOU MEN, AND JUST TO PROVE IT--

WITH A DEFT MOTION, STEVE'S HAND REACHES FOR A STRING PROTRUDING FROM A COAT POCKET AND PULLS OUT HIS PROOF...
A MASK! I FIGURED YOU THREE LOOKED FAMILIAR.
SLUG HIM, CORY!
4

AS AN OMINOUS GLINT OF METAL FLASHES PAST THE JAW OF THE ATHLETIC REPORTER...

I'LL MANGLE HIM--OOF!

BRASS KNUCKLES.' HAVEN'T SEEN A SET OF THOSE AROUND IN A DOG'S AGE.' THEY'RE MURDEROUS, ALL RIGHT--

--BUT ONLY IF YOU CONNECT-- LIKE THIS.'

WHAP

SUDDENLY--A BEHIND-THE-BACK BLOW SENDS STEVE SPRAWLING TO THE GROUND...

I'LL SEND HIM TO DREAMLAND WITH MY BOOT.'

UHH!

ONLY MOMENTARILY STUNNED, THE NEWSHAWK QUICKLY TURNS ON HIS BACK, DOUBLES HIS LEGS TO HIS CHEST AND UNSPRINGS THEM WITH CATAPULT-LIKE EFFECT--

YAHH!

TWO DOWN AND ONE TO GO!

SPLASH

I'LL FINISH YOU, WILSON-- AND SHOOT MY WAY OUTA HERE!

GOT A BEAD ON ME! CAN'T REACH HIM IN TIME--

AFRICA

SUDDENLY, AID COMES FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER...

ARR!

NICE WORK, AFRICA! YOU DON'T LIKE THESE CROOKS EITHER-- I CAN SEE THAT!

WHEN INSPECTOR CALLAHAN AND HIS MEN ARRIVE... SUMMONED BY LORELEI...

THE MONEL BROTHERS.' THEY'RE WANTED FOR JEWEL ROBBERIES IN A DOZEN STATES.'

I THINK YOU'LL WANT THEM TOO, INSPECTOR.' JUST A MOMENT--

SWIFTLY EXAMINING THE FLOORING OF THE OLD CAGE, STEVE LOCATES A LOOSENED BOARD... AND UNDER IT...

THE JEWEL LOOT OF THE BAKER HEIGHTS ROBBERIES.'

RIGHT.' IN THE ONE PLACE IN *BIG TOWN* WHERE NO SEARCHER WOULD EVER DARE TO LOOK, INSPECTOR--*AFRICA'S* CAGE.'

LATER... AFTER ECKERT, THE KEEPER, HAS MADE A FULL CONFESSION...

ECKERT WAS IN LEAGUE WITH THE GANG AND STOWED THE JEWELS IN THE CAGE.' HE SAYS THE MONEL BOYS TRIED TO DESTROY THE NEW CAGE-- TO PREVENT *AFRICA* FROM BEING REMOVED FROM HIS OLD CAGE, LEST SOMEONE DISCOVER THE HIDDEN JEWELS.'

AND WHEN THAT FAILED-- THEY *BOUGHT* THE OLD ONE.'

AS THE JEWEL THIEVES RIDE OFF IN A POLICE VAN...

THERE THEY GO, LORELEI!-- TO ANOTHER CAGE --IN *JAIL*.'

AFRICA SEEMS TO BE GLAD THEY'RE LEAVING.' HE KNOWS THEY TRIED TO STOP HIM FROM LIVING IN HIS NICE, NEW CAGE.'

THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

RIDDLE ME THIS by Necco

WHAT WORD IS PRONOUNCED WRONG BY THE GREATEST SCHOLARS ?

GIVE UP ? SEE BELOW*

*ANSWER: WRONG

WHAT CANDY IS PRONOUNCED DEE-LICIOUS BY CANDY LOVERS EVERY WHERE?

ANSWER: Necco WAFERS!

Necco ASSORTED WAFERS

A LOT FOR A LITTLE!

ADVERTISEMENT

GOLLY, HE'S GOOD!
WISH I COULD DO THAT!
YEP! HE'S OKAY-

HAS HE GOT MUSCLES!
WHAT A MAN!
500 lbs.
WISH I COULD DO THAT-

DEMONSTRATION GLASS BLOWING
THIS IS DIFFERENT!
LOOK WHAT HE'S MAKING-
LET'S ASK HOW HE DOES IT-

SO THAT'S THE SECRET!
HE TRAINS ON DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!
I CAN DO THAT!

DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM BLOWS BIGGER BETTER BUBBLES!
SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD!
HAVE FUN WITH US WITH FLEER'S!
DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM
FUNNIES, FORTUNES, FACTS IN EVERY WRAPPER!
1¢
FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

NOW!

A THRILLING FULL-LENGTH SUPERMAN MOTION PICTURE IN EXCITING LIVE-ACTION!

TERROR STALKS THE COUNTRYSIDE
AS WEIRD CREATURES
INVADE THE NIGHT
FROM THE MYSTERIOUS DEPTHS
OF THE EARTH'S VERY CENTER
TO CHALLENGE THE POWERS
OF THE MAN OF STEEL!

DON'T MISS IT!

COPR. 1951 NAT'L COMICS PUB., INC.

SUPERMAN AND THE MOLE MEN

RELEASED BY ROBERT L. LIPPERT

SHOW THIS PAGE TO THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE AND ASK HIM WHEN HE'S GOING TO SHOW THIS GREAT MOTION PICTURE!

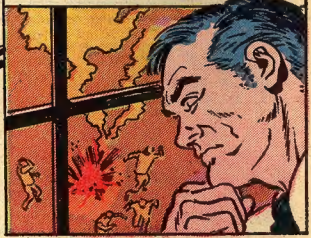
FAMOUS NEWSPAPER CRUSADES

ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS NEWSPAPER CRUSADES AGAINST OFFICIAL CORRUPTION WAS LAUNCHED BY THE NEW YORK *TIMES* AGAINST TAMMANY IN 1870-1871, WHEN INVESTIGATION SHOWED THAT BOSS TWEED HAD ROBBED NEW YORK CITY OF 200 MILLION DOLLARS.

AFTER THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES HAD REFUSED TO APPROPRIATE MONEY TO BUILD A PEDESTAL FOR THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, THE NEW YORK *WORLD* RAISED A FUND OF $100,000 FROM ITS READERS FOR THAT WORTHWHILE PURPOSE...

WHEN FREMONT OLDER, EDITOR OF THE SAN FRANCISCO *BULLETIN*, INITIATED A PERSISTENT AND RELENTLESS CAMPAIGN AGAINST CORRUPTION IN MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS, GUN-MEN STALKED INTO HIS OFFICE AND KIDNAPED HIM...

MOVED TO ACTION BY THE EXPLOSIVE DIN ABOUT THE BEDSIDE OF HIS CRITICALLY ILL DAUGHTER, IN 1899, EDITOR JAMES KEELEY OF THE CHICAGO *TRIBUNE*, CAMPAIGNED FOR A SAFE AND SANE FOURTH OF JULY...



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CHARLIE WILD AND THE HITCH-HIKER

HOW COME YOU RAN AWAY FROM HOME, SON?

MY GAL TURNED ME DOWN, SO I HOPPED A FREIGHT!

TRY WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC - THEN SHE'LL NEVER LET YOU GET AWAY!

TUNE IN: "F.B.I. in PEACE AND WAR" THURSDAY EVENINGS on CBS

DURING HIS LONG CAREER AS A FIGHTING NEWSPAPERMAN, STEVE WILSON, STAR REPORTER OF *BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS*, HAS INVESTIGATED MANY STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES! HE HAS SEARCHED FOR MISSING HEIRESSES, HIDDEN GANGSTERS, VANISHED LOOT--BUT NEVER DID HE HAVE TO SEARCH FOR A RESTAURANT THAT *WASN'T THERE!* TILL HE GOT ON THE LEAD—SPLATTERED TRAIL OF...

The DISAPPEARING DINER!

AS STEVE WILSON, ACE NEWSMAN ON THE *ILLUSTRATED PRESS*, ACCOMPANIES LOVELY LORELEI KILBOURNE FROM THE LUXURIOUS VAN TYLER ESTATE...

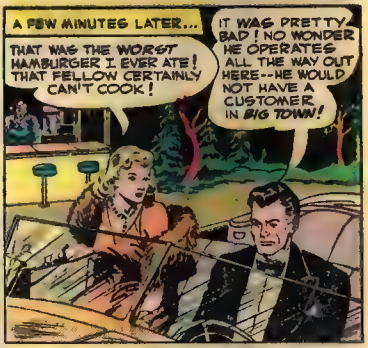
GOSH, WHAT A PARTY! DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH JEWELRY? I OUGHT TO WRITE *THIS* STORY WITH A DIAMOND-POINTED PEN! AREN'T YOU GLAD I MADE YOU TAKE ME, STEVE?

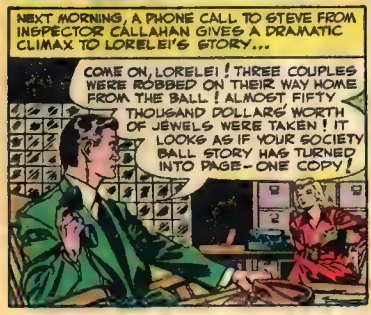
IT WAS OKAY--BUT I'M HUNGRY! I NEVER DID GO FOR FANCY PARTY FOOD!

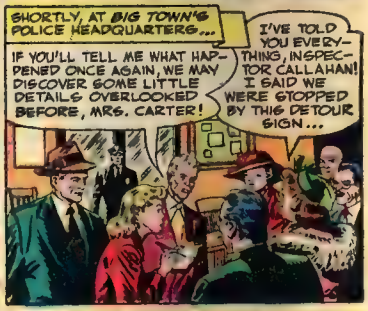
UNEXPECTEDLY, THE DARK COUNTRY ROAD IS LIT BY WELCOME LIGHTS...

WE'RE IN LUCK! I DON'T KNOW HOW A HAMBURGER JOINT CAN MAKE ANY MONEY IN A DESERTED SPOT LIKE THIS, BUT I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE IT! COME ON, LORELEI!

TWO HAMBURGERS WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS, PLEASE!
COMIN' UP!


A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THAT WAS THE WORST HAMBURGER I EVER ATE! THAT FELLOW CERTAINLY CAN'T COOK!
IT WAS PRETTY BAD! NO WONDER HE OPERATES ALL THE WAY OUT HERE--HE WOULD NOT HAVE A CUSTOMER IN BIG TOWN!


NEXT MORNING, A PHONE CALL TO STEVE FROM INSPECTOR CALLAHAN GIVES A DRAMATIC CLIMAX TO LORELEI'S STORY...
COME ON, LORELEI! THREE COUPLES WERE ROBBED ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM THE BALL! ALMOST FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF JEWELS WERE TAKEN! IT LOOKS AS IF YOUR SOCIETY BALL STORY HAS TURNED INTO PAGE-ONE COPY!


SHORTLY, AT BIG TOWN'S POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED ONCE AGAIN, WE MAY DISCOVER SOME LITTLE DETAILS OVERLOOKED BEFORE, MRS. CARTER!
I'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN! I SAID WE WERE STOPPED BY THIS DETOUR SIGN...

"...THEN THIS AWFUL GUNMAN APPEARED FROM NOWHERE..."
BUT MY ENGAGEMENT RING!
DON'T ARGUE WITH HIM, ANNE! GIVE HIM THE JEWELRY!
YOU'RE SMART, MISTER!

THE BLAKES TELL A SIMILIAR STORY... WITH ONE DIFFERENCE...
DETOUR
SORRY I HAD TO PUNCTURE YOUR GAS TANK! I'LL OWE YA FOR THE GAS, HA--HA!

THE OLDEST HORSES IN THE WORLD STILL WORK BEST, STEVE!
WHAT WAS THE THIRD GUN-MAN? A PHONY HITCH-HIKER?
I KNOW BETTER THAN TO PICK UP A HITCH-HIKER, WHO COULD ALSO BE A CRIMINAL, MR. WILSON! BUT I DID STOP FOR A MAN WHO SIGNALED TO ME FROM A STALLED CAR AND...
CAN I HELP YOU?
YOU SURE CAN! TELL YOUR WIFE TO HAND ME THAT ICE SHE'S WEARIN'--THEN BEAT IT--FAST!
AFTER THE ROBBERY VICTIMS FINISH THEIR STORIES...
THOSE THREE WOMEN WORE MORE JEWELRY THAN ANYONE ELSE AT THE PARTY! WHOEVER FIGURED THIS JOB OUT KNEW EXACTLY WHOM TO ROB!
YES! THE ROBBERIES WEREN'T COINCIDENTAL!
AS STEVE AND LORELEI LEAVE POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
THE CROOKS KNEW ENOUGH TO STOP JUST THOSE COUPLES! YET THEY COULD NOT HAVE KNOWN WHO'D WEAR THE MOST JEWELRY, UNLESS THEY WERE AT THE PARTY!
THAT'S NOT LIKELY--BECAUSE THEY WEREN'T RECOGNIZED! THEY MUST HAVE FOUND OUT AFTERWARDS! BUT HOW?
LATER, THE SLEUTHING DUO INTERVIEWS THE VICTIMS FOR A "FOLLOW-UP" STORY...
IF YOU DON'T FEEL WELL, MR. CARTER, WE CAN COME BACK SOME OTHER TIME!
NO, NO! GO ON WITH YOUR INTERVIEW, MISS KILBOURNE! I'VE JUST GOT SOME INDIGESTION! MUST BE FROM THAT AWFUL HAMBURGER I HAD LAST NIGHT!
HAMBURGER? DID YOU SAY HAMBURGER?
YES! WE STOPPED AT A LITTLE OUT-OF-THE-WAY ALL-NIGHT DINER, ABOUT A MILE DOWN THE ROAD FROM THE VAN TYLERS! WHY?
I'LL TELL YOU LATER! MEANWHILE, I'VE GOT TO SEE A MAN ABOUT SOME HAMBURGER! GO ON WITH YOUR INTERVIEW, LORELEI!

TWO HOURS LATER, ON A HIGHWAY LEADING TO *BIG TOWN'S* EXCLUSIVE SUBURBS...

WHY DID YOU CALL ME AT THE CARTERS, TELLING ME TO MEET YOU WAY OUT HERE, STEVE? I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO INTERVIEW THE OTHER ROBBERY VICTIMS!

BUT I DID! GET THIS, LORELEI...

THREE COUPLES DID THE SAME THING AFTER THE PARTY--THEY *ALL* STOPPED AT THAT ALL-NIGHT DINER ON THEIR WAY HOME!

THE SAME ONE WE DID?

EAST BOUND

THEN THAT CAN ONLY MEAN...

THAT THE DINER COOK MAY NOT KNOW HOW TO FRY HAMBURGERS--BUT HE CAN SURE SIZE UP JEWELRY ON PROSPECTIVE ROBBERY VICTIMS AND TIP OFF HIS CONFEDERATES! WELL, WE'LL SOON VISIT THAT ROBBERY RESTAURANT!

BUT SHORTLY...

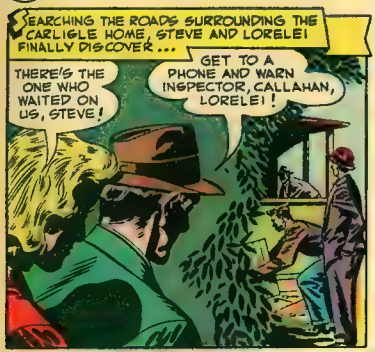
THAT DINER SHOULD BE RIGHT HERE ON THE LEFT!

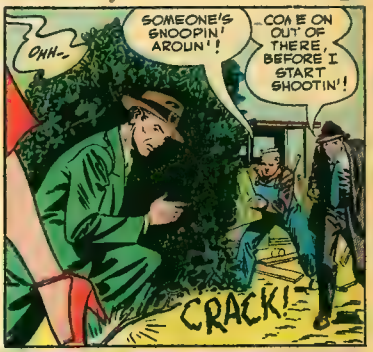
BUT, STEVE! IT... IT'S *GONE!*

BUT THIS WAS THE SPOT, LORELEI! I REMEMBER THAT ODDLY SHAPED TREE! IT'S SMART, LORELEI! A GANG SETS UP A HAMBURGER STAND NEAR A BIG PARTY, FIGURING THAT AT LEAST *SOME* OF THE GUESTS WILL STOP AFTERWARDS! THEN THEY SET TRAPS FOR THE ONES WITH THE MOST JEWELRY, WHILE THEY'RE EATING!

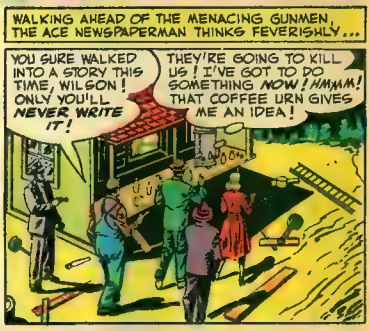
STEVE! I JUST REMEMBERED! THERE'S ANOTHER BIG PARTY TONIGHT AT THE CARLISLE MANSION!

IT TAKES TIME TO PUT AN EATERY TOGETHER! MAYBE WE CAN CATCH OUR COOKING CROOKS IN THE ACT!


SEARCHING THE ROADS SURROUNDING THE CARLISLE HOME, STEVE AND LORELEI FINALLY DISCOVER...
THERE'S THE ONE WHO WAITED ON US, STEVE!
GET TO A PHONE AND WARN INSPECTOR CALLAHAN, LORELEI!


OHH--
SOMEONE'S SNOOPIN' AROUN'!
COME ON OUT OF THERE, BEFORE I START SHOOTIN'!
CRACK!

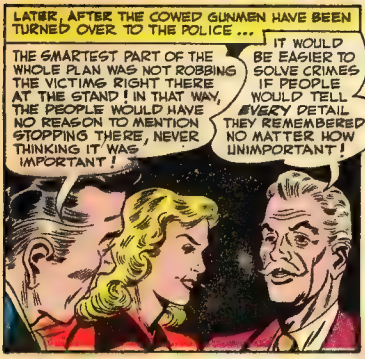
WE'D BETTER ACCEPT THEIR INVITATION, LORELEI!
HEY, I WAITED ON THOSE TWO, LAST NIGHT!
I RECOGNIZE HIM! HE'S WILSON OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS!


WALKING AHEAD OF THE MENACING GUNMEN, THE ACE NEWSPAPERMAN THINKS FEVERISHLY...
YOU SURE WALKED INTO A STORY THIS TIME, WILSON! ONLY YOU'LL NEVER WRITE IT!
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING NOW! HMMM! THAT COFFEE URN GIVES ME AN IDEA!

AS HE REACHES THE HUGE COFFEE URN, STEVE SPRINGS INTO ACTION!
OWW--!
LOOK OUT!
BANG!

SWINGING WILDLY, THE COFFEE — DRENCHED GUNMAN MANAGES TO STUN STEVE!
I CAN'T SEE -- BUT I'VE GOT 'IM! I'VE GOT 'IM!

THE STARTLED GUNMAN LEARNS THAT SURPRISE CAN WIN A BATTLE WHEN...
THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN I PREFER TO USE KETCHUP *WITHOUT* POURING IT FROM THE BOTTLE!


LATER, AFTER THE COWED GUNMEN HAVE BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE...
THE SMARTEST PART OF THE WHOLE PLAN WAS NOT ROBBING THE VICTIMS RIGHT THERE AT THE STAND! IN THAT WAY, THE PEOPLE WOULD HAVE NO REASON TO MENTION STOPPING THERE, NEVER THINKING IT WAS IMPORTANT!
IT WOULD BE EASIER TO SOLVE CRIMES IF PEOPLE WOULD TELL *EVERY* DETAIL THEY REMEMBERED--NO MATTER HOW UNIMPORTANT!

GOOD NIGHT, INSPECTOR! STEVE HAS TO TAKE ME TO THE CARLISLE PARTY TONIGHT!
FIRST LET'S STOP FOR SOME HAMBURGERS--I'M STARVED!
WANTED
THE END

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Johnny Law

HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE

"THERE IS NO PERFECT CRIME," JOHNNY LAW CLAIMED. "THE MURDERER IS BOUND TO SLIP UP SOMEWHERE--AND GIVE HIMSELF AWAY!" YET, TRY AS HE MIGHT, THE ACE DETECTIVE COULD NOT FIND A SINGLE CLUE TO POINT OUT THE CRUEL MURDERER OF EDWARD PETERSON--UNTIL HE SUDDENLY REALIZED A TALKATIVE PARROT WAS TALKING *TOO MUCH!*

NOT GUILTY

GUILTY

THE ACCUSING PARROT!

ONE NIGHT, IN A BASEMENT APARTMENT, SHOPKEEPER EDWARD PETERSON LOOKS UP FROM HIS DESK TO SEE...

GET YOUR MITTS OFF THAT CASH, PETERSON!

P-PLEASE. DON'T TAKE THE MONEY! IT'S MY LIFE'S SAVINGS!

THEN... A MUFFLED GUNSHOT..

AND THIS IS JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T PUT THE FINGER ON ME, PETERSON! *TOODLE-OO!*

N-NO--DON'T SHOOT!.. ARGH...

PAKT!

THE NEXT DAY, ACE HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE JOHNNY LAW IS IN CHARGE OF THE MURDER INVESTIGATION...

WELL, KEARNS? FIND ANYTHING?

SURE, JOHNNY! A CARLOAD OF PRINTS--BUT THEY'RE ALL PETERSON'S!

NOT A CLUE--AND WE'VE TORN THIS PLACE APART! THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING--EVERY KILLER SLIPS UP SOMEWHERE!
BETTER LOOK OVER THE NOTATIONS IN THIS BOOK, JOHNNY! I CAN'T MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OUT OF THEM!
HMM... SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF LISTING! BUT THESE SHORT SENTENCES... THEY DON'T SEEM TO MAKE ANY SENSE--UNLESS...
TOODLE-OO PFFFT! TOODLE-OO... PFFFT!
THE ALERT DETECTIVE SUDDENLY COMES UP WITH A UNIQUE EXPLANATION...
"ROBBER JOE... ROBBER JOE... SMART GIRL... SMART GIRL... TALL TALES... TALL TALES... TRAMP, TRAMP... VERY NICE... VERY NICE...
OF COURSE! PETERSON MADE A COMPLETE RECORD OF EVERY PHRASE HIS PET PARROT UTTERS! THAT EXPLAINS THESE JUMBLED WORDS! SAY... WAIT A MINUTE...
SUDDENLY JOHNNY DASHES FROM THE ROOM..
WHERE YOU GOING, JOHNNY?
TO SOLVE A MURDER! DOUBLE-CHECK THIS ROOM--AND KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT PARROT!
TOODLE-OO... PFFFT!
PRESENTLY, JOHNNY SPEAKS WITH A GROUP OF THE MURDERED MAN'S NEIGHBORS...
NO--I NEVER HEARD MR. PETERSON USE THAT EXPRESSION WHEN BIDDING GOODBYE!
TOODLE-OO? THAT EXPRESSION WENT OUT OF STYLE YEARS AGO!
THANKS, FOLKS! YOU'VE BEEN VERY HELPFUL!
SHORTLY, THE LAWMAN CONFERS WITH THE EDITOR OF THE CITY JOURNAL...
BE SURE IT MAKES THE EVENING EDITION, WILL YOU BURKE? WE'VE GOT A KILLER TO CATCH!
SURE THING, JOHNNY! ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP OUT IN POLICE MATTERS!
2
THAT EVENING, THE JOURNAL CARRIES A STARTLING PAGE ONE STORY...
TODAY'S WEATHER
CITY JOURNAL
FINE
5¢
EYEWITNESS TO PETERSON MURDER!
EXCLUSIVE!
THE JOURNAL HAS FOUND CARL MEANY, PLUMBER, WHO OBSERVED PETERSON MURDER FROM HIS BASEMENT APARTMENT. MEANY OVERHEARD THE KILLER BID HIS VICTIM "TOODLE-OO" AS HE FIRED THE MURDER WEAPON, EQUIPPED WITH A SILENCER. THE PLUMBER, NOW RECOVERING FROM SHOCK AT CITY HOSPITAL, IS EXPECTED TO IDENTIFY THE MURDERER THROUGH ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTOS...

AT CITY HOSPITAL, JOHNNY FOLLOWS THROUGH IN HIS DESPERATE PLAN TO CATCH THE KILLER...
EVERYTHING'S BEEN TAKEN CARE OF, MR. LAW! WE'VE REGISTERED A MR. "CARL MEANY" IN ROOM 3750! WILL THERE BE ANYTHING ELSE?
YES--CAUTION THE HOSPITAL PERSONNEL TO KEEP AWAY FROM THAT ROOM! THERE'S A POSSIBILITY OF GUN-PLAY!
ONE MORE THING! AN OFFICER WILL ARRIVE HERE SHORTLY WITH A PARROT! PLEASE SEND HIM STRAIGHT UP TO THIS ROOM!
A-A PARROT? WHY... OF COURSE!
THROUGH THE EARLY MORNING HOURS, THE ACE DETECTIVE PLAYS A WAITING GAME...
FOUR HOURS... AND NOBODY'S TAKEN THE BAIT! CAPTAIN MORLEY WILL HAVE ME POUNDING A BEAT IF THIS DOESN'T SHOW RESULTS!
SUDDENLY
THE DOOR'S OPENING... A NIBBLE! COME ON MY FINE-FEATHERED FRIEND--I'VE GOT MY LIFE WRAPPED UP IN YOU...
A MOMENT LATER, THE STILLNESS IS SHATTERED BY THE SHRILL SHRIEK OF THE PARROT AND...
DON'T SHOOT!... DON'T SHOOT!... TOODLE-OO! TOODLE-OO!
THANKS FOR THE TIP-OFF, POLLY!
QUICKLY, THE ALERT DETECTIVE DRAWS HIS GUN AND...
I DON'T LIKE YOUR BRAND OF MEDICINE, MISTER! TRY SOME OF MINE!
A TRAP! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
REGAINING HIS FEET, JOHNNY PURSUES THE TERRIFIED GUNMAN...
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN THAT EMERGENCY EXIT TO FREE HIM FROM THIS MURDER RAP!
CARL MEANY

AS JOHNNY REACHES THE EMERGENCY STAIRS LEADING TO THE AMBULANCE GARAGE BELOW...

THIS'LL SNUFF OUT YOUR FIRE, COPPER! TOODLE-OO!

YOU'RE WASTING VALUABLE TIME THROWING THAT KIND OF AMMUNITION!

THEN THE ACE DETECTIVE MAKES A HEADLONG LEAP THROUGH SPACE...

YOU SLIPPED UP WITH YOUR TOODLE-DOO AFTER YOU KILLED PETERSON! IT WAS A DEAD GIVEAWAY!

IF I CAN ONLY GET THROUGH THAT DOOR!

EXIT

NOTHING LIKE A SOFT LANDING!

OOF!

A PARROT AND A DICTIONARY WERE YOUR DOWNFALL! PETERSON'S PARROT PICKED UP HIS TOODLE-DOO FROM YOU--UGH!

DID THE PARROT TELL YA I USED A SILENCER, TOO?

--JUST ABOUT! IT GAVE A GOOD IMITATION OF THE PEFT YOUR GUN MADE!

YOU'VE GOT A FAT CHANCE OF TRYING TO PROVE THAT TO ANYONE!

I'LL PROVE IT ALL RIGHT--AND THAT PARROT WILL BE THERE TO CINCH MY CASE!

LATER... IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

NICE WORK, JOHNNY! I NEVER THOUGHT THE KILLER WOULD FALL FOR THAT PHONY NEWSPAPER STORY!

IT SURE PAID OFF, CAPTAIN! YOU BETTER CHECK IF PETERSON HAS ANY RELATIVES WHO COULD USE HIS MONEY! IN THE MEANTIME, I'M OFF TO THE CITY HOSPITAL TO FEED A PARROT A BOX OF CRACKERS! TOODLE-OO!

THE END

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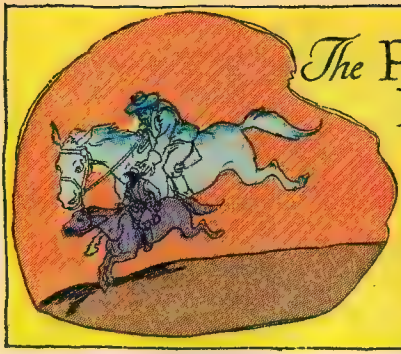


The PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY= OUT WEST

IT IS hard to imagine the staid, dignified Pinkerton's National Detective Agency riding hard on desperate outlaws down a western trail. The fact is, Pinkerton's first achieved national fame as the organization that smashed the Jesse James gang.

It all began when a powerfully built man with cool, shrewd eyes hurriedly left Scotland one day in 1840. He was fleeing from arrest as a revolutionist and an agitator in the historical Chartists' movement. His name was Allan Pinkerton, and he was on his way to America.

Pinkerton settled in Dundee, Illinois, where he first operated a cooperage shop. But secretly he maintained Dundee's station on the underground railroad for runaway slaves. In the 1840's he became agent for the Chicago Abolitionists and later took over that important underground junction.

He was appointed to the Chicago police as its first (and at the time, only) detective. Before long, he had five detectives working under him, and achieved widespread fame throughout the Middle West. In 1850 he left the police force to open his own agency, Pinkerton's North Western Police Agency, which he re-named a few years later to Pinkerton's National Detective Agency.

In the late fall of 1856 his reputation became nationwide when he arrested and convicted a famous international French swindler that had eluded the grasping arms of the law from coast to coast.

His new reputation brought him additional clients, and his agency was soon working for the railroads and express companies, boldly pursuing freight-car thieves, express-car robbers and highwaymen. But the detective continued his Chicago junction of the underground railroad for runaway slaves.

Pinkerton became a firm friend of John Brown, and when that famous and legendary figure visited the Pinkerton home on the night of March 11, 1859, the detective gave him $500 and tickets on the Michigan Central Railroad to get Brown and his band to Detroit.

It was Pinkerton who supplied the protection when Lincoln went from Philadelphia to Washington in 1861—and, although this is little known, it was actually Pinkerton who served under the name of Major Allan as chief of the Secret Service of the Army of the Potomac.

After Appomattox Pinkerton's agency enjoyed a sharp upswing in business. His operatives protected railroads, banks, corporations, and express companies. But with business booming, the outlaw bands came upon the scene.

The Reno Brothers were first. Pinkerton

smashed that short-lived gang terror. Then, in 1866, Jesse James and his ex-guerrillas made their first strike, and the violent war between Allan Pinkerton and the famous James boys began—a war that lasted for sixteen years.

Allan Pinkerton died in 1886, and his world-famous agency passed on to his two sons, William and Robert. The two carried on the terrible battle with the outlaws, and in the best tradition of their father, chalked up an impressive score of victories.

Between them they broke up the notorious Wild Bunch, which was also known as the Hole in the Wall Gang, a colorful band of outlaws The Pinkertons fought this band so relentlessly that they were forced to flee to South America. There, free from the interference of the Pinkertons, the outlaws successfully carried on their nefarious activities for almost a decade.

But chasing bandits and Western badmen, while it was certainly the most dramatic part of the Pinkerton business, was only part of the Agency's work. Confidence men, forgers, swindlers, and a liberal sprinkling of murderers were also included.

On the other hand, Pinkerton's place in history will undoubtedly revert to the steadfast, grim and courageous battle it waged against the West's early outlaws.

Pioneers in the field of criminology, the Pinkertons pursued Jesse James and the other outlaws under the most primitive conditions. There was no fingerprint system in Washington to aid them, no rogues' gallery, no eight-state alarm, and no teletypes sending out essential descriptions to police headquarters.

When James and his band went rampaging across the Middle Border, looting and pillaging, the Pinkerton man had only the guns at his side and a trusty mount.

It was particularly hard for the Pinkertons in their man-hunt for Jesse James, for the only picture of the Missouri outlaw hung in a small locket about his mother's neck. And as long as he lived, no picture of James ever graced a wanted poster. He was such a complete mystery, in fact, that in 1882 the townspeople of Clay County, Missouri, who had smiled friendly greetings to the outlaw, blissfully unaware of his identity, were shocked when they eventually learned who he was. But by this time he was safely lying in a crude coffin.

When Jesse James' four great bank robberies rocked the nation, worried bankers hired Allan Pinkerton to track down the outlaws. Pinkerton was already a well-known figure by this time Just a year previous, he had smashed the Reno Brothers outfit, which enjoys the dubious distinction of being America's first organized band of outlaws.

"The Eye," as Allan Pinkerton was called, was a name that meant something to the underworld of the time. They knew that the incorruptible Pinkerton was as tenacious as a bulldog.

But although the bandits of the nineteenth century hated and feared Pinkertons, they also respected them for their fair dealings. The Pinkertons would pursue them to the ends of the earth to put them behind bars—but as Allan Pinkerton stated in his "General Principles"—the criminal must not be hunted after he has paid his debt to society.

Cases of bank, train, and stagecoach robberies were grist for the Pinkerton mill—but the detective refused to let his men accept any job that involved keyhole peeping, or to become involved in a political fracas.

At the time his agency first began to trail Jesse James, Allan Pinkerton was experimenting in new techniques in criminology. He had started a rogues' gallery. This included not only pictures and physical descriptions, but also a detailed account of each criminal: his habits, friends and usual haunts.

It is with good reason that the Pinkerton Agency has been described as the nation's civilian Federal Bureau of Investigation of the '80's.

HIS POWER WAS EVERYWHERE, MYSTERIOUS AND DEADLY--BUT HE WAS NEVER SEEN! HE CONTROLLED THOUSANDS OF MEN, HOODLUMS, RACKETEERS, CROOKED MACHINE POLITICIANS, BUT LIKE A GHOST HE SEEMED TO SLIP THROUGH WALLS WHENEVER THE LAW TRIED TO CLOSE IN ON HIM! HE WAS IN SHORT THE AMAZING *MR. BIG OF BIG TOWN*--BUT WHO WAS HE *REALLY*? IN A VALIANT ATTEMPT TO ANSWER THIS QUESTION, ACE NEWSHAWK STEVE WILSON STAKES LIFE AND LIMB IN A WEIRD STRUGGLE AGAINST A TREACHEROUS ANTAGONIST, THE DREAD AND BAFFLING--

Shadow OF THE UNDERWORLD

BIG TOWN

ON HIS CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, HOWARD GARVIN--CRUSADING LAWYER--ADDRESSES HIS CO-WORKERS...

HOORAY FOR GARVIN!

THIS SAFE CONTAINS MY PETITIONS OF MORE THAN 25,000 NAMES! DESPITE ATTEMPTS OF THE MYSTERIOUS *MR. BIG* AND HIS *MACHINE* TO FRIGHTEN ME OR BUY ME OFF--I *WILL* BE A CANDIDATE FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY IN *BIG TOWN!*

ODDLY, AS GARVIN SPEAKS, THE EYE OF HIS FRIEND, NEWSMAN STEVE WILSON, ROVES OVER THE GATHERING...

I'LL OPEN THIS SAFE AND TAKE THE PETITIONS OVER TO THE ELECTION COMMISSION RIGHT NOW--A GOOD 12 HOURS BEFORE THE DEADLINE! EH?

GREAT SCOTT!

GARVIN FOR D.A.

THE SAFE IS EMPTY! THE STRONG BOX WITH THE PETITIONS ARE--*GONE!*

PAUL JOHNSON--GARVIN'S CAMPAIGN MANAGER--DOESN'T SEEM VERY SURPRISED! I WONDER..

IN THE EXCITEMENT THAT FOLLOWS, STEVE GAINS THE SIDE OF HIS FRIEND, HARRY THE HACK...

HARRY, WATCH JOHNSON! IF HE LEAVES, TAIL HIM--AND PHONE ME FIRST CHANCE YOU GET!

OKAY, STEVE!

ONE OF GARVIN'S BACKERS IS DUMBFOUNDED BY THE OCCURRENCE...

THIS IS ANOTHER OF *MR. BIG'S* CRIMES, HOWARD! IS THERE *NOTHING* WE CAN DO?

MR. POMEROY, THE ULTRA-WEALTHY RETIRED BROKER, HAS PUT THOUSANDS IN GARVIN'S CAMPAIGN FUND... HE'S HARD HIT BY THIS!

VOTE FOR GARVIN

LATER...WITH THE HEADQUARTERS ALL BUT EMPTIED...

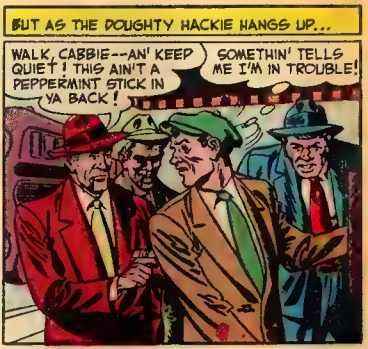
YOU SUSPECT PAUL JOHNSON? I WON'T BELIEVE IT, STEVE! I'VE KNOWN HIM FOR YEARS...

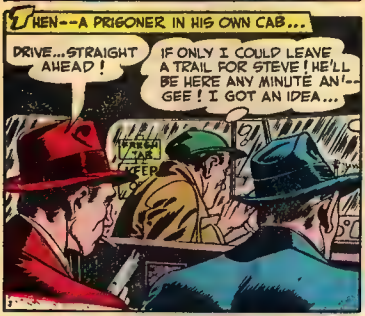
GOOD FRIENDS HAVE BEEN "REACHED" BEFORE, HOWARD! WAIT--THAT MAY BE HARRY PHONING ME NOW!

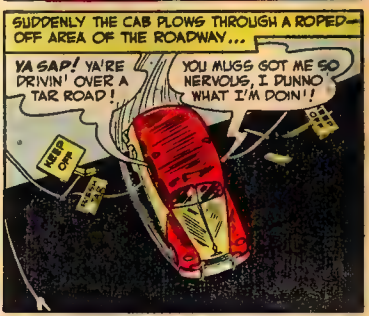
GARVIN!

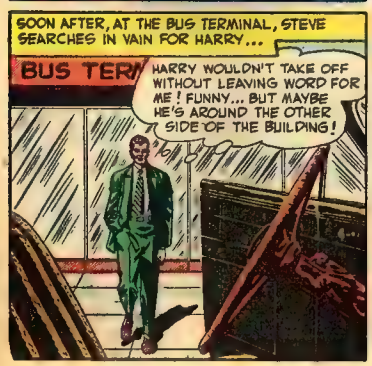
RRING

STEVE, I AM IN THE BUS TERMINAL! JOHNSON HAS JUST TAKEN A PACKAGE FROM A CHECK-LOCKER--
A PACKAGE? HARRY, LISTEN--TRY TO DELAY HIM! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
NORTHBOUND BUSSES
LOCKERS 25

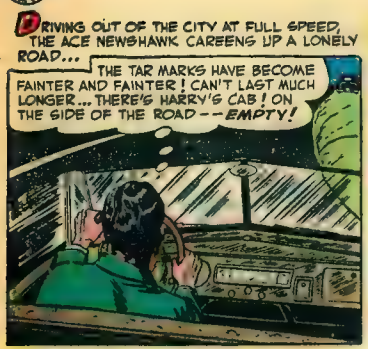

BUT AS THE POUGHTY HACKIE HANGS UP...
WALK, CABBIE--AN' KEEP QUIET! THIS AIN'T A PEPPERMINT STICK IN YA BACK!
SOMETHIN' TELLS ME I'M IN TROUBLE!


THEN--A PRISONER IN HIS OWN CAB...
DRIVE...STRAIGHT AHEAD!
IF ONLY I COULD LEAVE A TRAIL FOR STEVE! HE'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE AN'--GEE! I GOT AN IDEA...
FRESH TAR KEEP

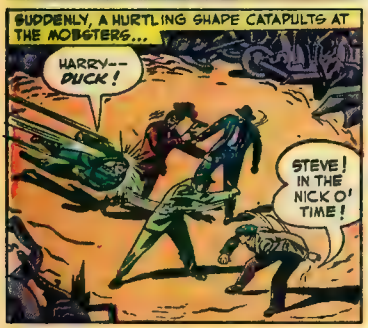

SUDDENLY THE CAB PLOWS THROUGH A ROPED-OFF AREA OF THE ROADWAY...
YA SAP! YA'RE DRIVIN' OVER A TAR ROAD!
YOU MUGS GOT ME SO NERVOUS, I DUNNO WHAT I'M DOIN'!
KEEP OFF

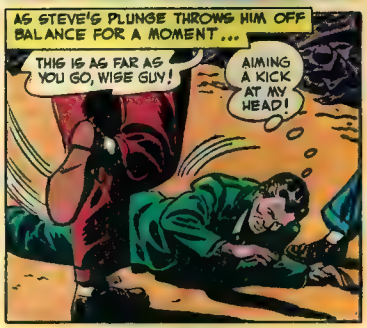

SOON AFTER, AT THE BUS TERMINAL, STEVE SEARCHES IN VAIN FOR HARRY...
BUS TERM
HARRY WOULDN'T TAKE OFF WITHOUT LEAVING WORD FOR ME! FUNNY... BUT MAYBE HE'S AROUND THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING!

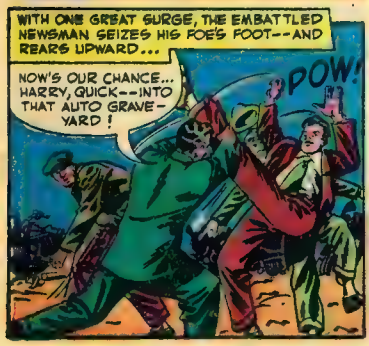
AS STEVE STARTS TO CRUISE AROUND THE BIG TERMINAL...
HOLD EVERYTHING! IF THOSE AREN'T HARRY'S TIRE TRACKS IN THAT WET TAR STRIP--I'M NO EAGLE-EYED NEWSMAN! I'VE SEEN HIS TREADS OFTEN ENOUGH! HEADING NORTH--
FRESH TAR KEEP OFF

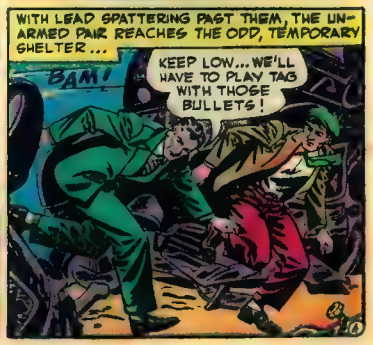

DRIVING OUT OF THE CITY AT FULL SPEED, THE ACE NEWSHAWK CAREENS UP A LONELY ROAD...
THE TAR MARKS HAVE BECOME FAINTER AND FAINTER! CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER... THERE'S HARRY'S CAB! ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD--EMPTY!

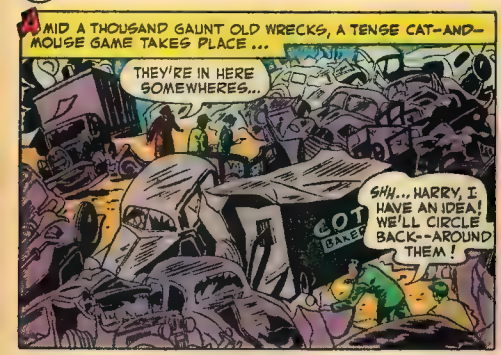
AT A DESERTED AREA FILLED WITH JUNKED AUTOMOBILES NEARBY...
KEEP WALKIN', CABBIE! DON'T TURN AROUND...


SUDDENLY, A HURTLING SHAPE CATAPULTS AT THE MOBSTERS...
HARRY--DUCK!
STEVE! IN THE NICK O' TIME!


AS STEVE'S PLUNGE THROWS HIM OFF BALANCE FOR A MOMENT...
THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO, WISE GUY!
AIMING A KICK AT MY HEAD!


WITH ONE GREAT SURGE, THE EMBATTLED NEWSMAN SEIZES HIS FOE'S FOOT--AND REARS UPWARD...
NOW'S OUR CHANCE... HARRY, QUICK--INTO THAT AUTO GRAVE-YARD!
POW!

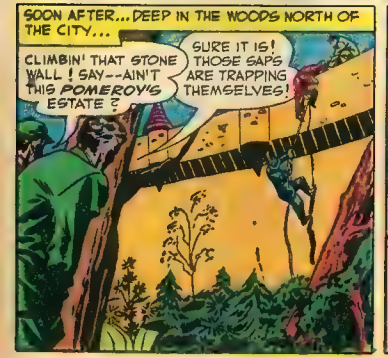

WITH LEAD SPATTERING PAST THEM, THE UN-ARMED PAIR REACHES THE ODD, TEMPORARY SHELTER...
KEEP LOW... WE'LL HAVE TO PLAY TAG WITH THOSE BULLETS!
BAM!


AMID A THOUSAND GAUNT OLD WRECKS, A TENSE CAT-AND-MOUSE GAME TAKES PLACE ...
THEY'RE IN HERE SOMEWHERES...
SHH... HARRY, I HAVE AN IDEA! WE'LL CIRCLE BACK--AROUND THEM!
COT
BAKER

MOMENTS LATER... THE "NICE" COME UP BEHIND THE "CATS"..
ALL SET, HARRY?
LET'S GIT 'EM, CHIEF!

WITH PERFECT TIMING, THE HUNTED PAIR STRIKES...
HEY!
I GOT MY MAN'S GUN!
THINGS WILL BE A LITTLE MORE EQUAL NOW!

DISMAYED BY THE LOSS OF THE TWO WEAPONS, ALL THREE OF THE THUGS TAKE TO THEIR HEELS...
HAW! HAW! LOOK AT 'EM RUN!
WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THEM, HARRY! THOSE MOBSTERS MAY BE A LEAD TO MR. BIG!


SOON AFTER... DEEP IN THE WOODS NORTH OF THE CITY...
CLIMBIN' THAT STONE WALL! SAY--AIN'T THIS POMEROY'S ESTATE?
SURE IT IS! THOSE SAPS ARE TRAPPING THEMSELVES!

THEY'VE VANISHED!
THERE'S A PARTY GOIN' ON HERE, STEVE! SOMEBODY MUSTA SEEN THOSE YEGGS!

THE NEW ARRIVALS SURPRISE THE MILLIONAIRE HOST...

YOU AND YOUR FRIEND ARE WELCOME HERE, MR. WILSON--BUT WE'VE SEEN NO HOODLUMS! ER--PLEASE EXCUSE ME...

POMEROY DOESN'T SEEM VERY ALARMED AT THE IDEA OF GUNMEN HERE!

WHEW! ALL THE CELEBRITIES AT THIS SHINDIG!

THIS IS NO TIME FOR STARGAZING, HARRY! LET'S KEEP LOOKING FOR THOSE GUNMEN!

AS THE CRACK NEWSHAWK LEADS THE WAY AROUND THE SPACIOUS MANSION...

POMEROY'S TENDIN' A FIRE IN HIS FIREPLACE! I THOUGHT HE HAD SERVANTS TO DO EVERYTHING, STEVE!

THAT'S NOT THE ODD PART--

THE POINT IS--WHY HAS HE GOT A FIRE GOING ON A *HOT DAY* LIKE THIS!? HARRY, I'VE SUDDENLY GOTTEN *CURIOUS* ABOUT MR. ANDREW POMEROY! HE'S LEAVING--LET'S GET INTO THIS ROOM!

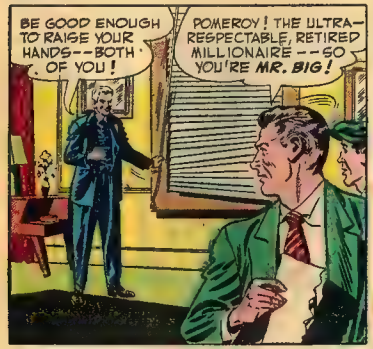
I DON'T GET YA, STEVE!

IT'S A NEWSMAN'S INSTINCT, I GUESS...HE'S BEEN BURNING PAPER HERE...WAIT, THERE'S A PIECE THAT ESCAPED THE FLAMES! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT...

AS THE RESCUED STRIP OF PAPER IS SMOOTHED OUT AND EXAMINED...

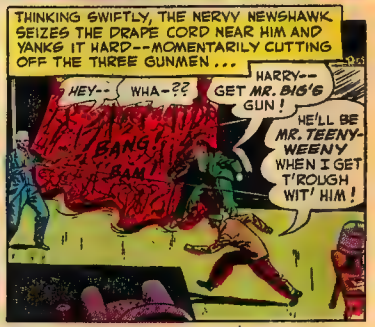
A PART OF ONE OF THE *STOLEN PETITIONS*! HARRY--CAN THIS MEAN WHAT I THINK IT MEANS?

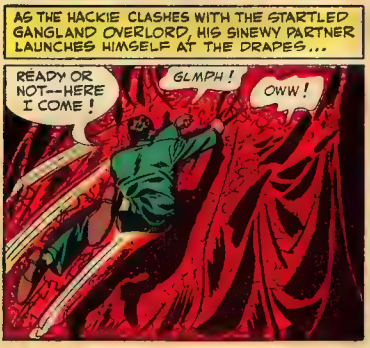
UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, MR. WILSON, IT *DOES*!


BE GOOD ENOUGH TO RAISE YOUR HANDS--BOTH OF YOU!
POMEROY! THE ULTRA-RESPECTABLE, RETIRED MILLIONAIRE--SO YOU'RE MR. BIG!

IT WOULD MAKE A SENSATIONAL STORY, WOULDN'T IT? BUT IT IS ONE YOU'LL NEVER WRITE! COME IN, BOYS!
THE THREE GUNMEN!

TAKE THEM INTO THE WOODS, BOYS--OUT THE BACK WAY--AND DISPOSE OF THEM!
GOT TO MOVE FAST, OR--


THINKING SWIFTLY, THE NERVY NEWSHAWK SEIZES THE DRAPE CORD NEAR HIM AND YANKS IT HARD--MOMENTARILY CUTTING OFF THE THREE GUNMEN...
HEY--
WHA--??
HARRY--GET MR. BIG'S GUN!
BANG!
BAM!
HE'LL BE MR. TEENY-WEENY WHEN I GET T'ROUGH WIT' HIM!


AS THE HACKIE CLASHES WITH THE STARTLED GANGLAND OVERLORD, HIS SINEWY PARTNER LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT THE DRAPES...
READY OR NOT--HERE I COME!
GLMPH!
OWW!

THE DRAPE YOU'RE COVERED WITH MEANS CURTAINS FOR YOU AND YOUR PALS, BUSTER!
WAP!
UNGG!

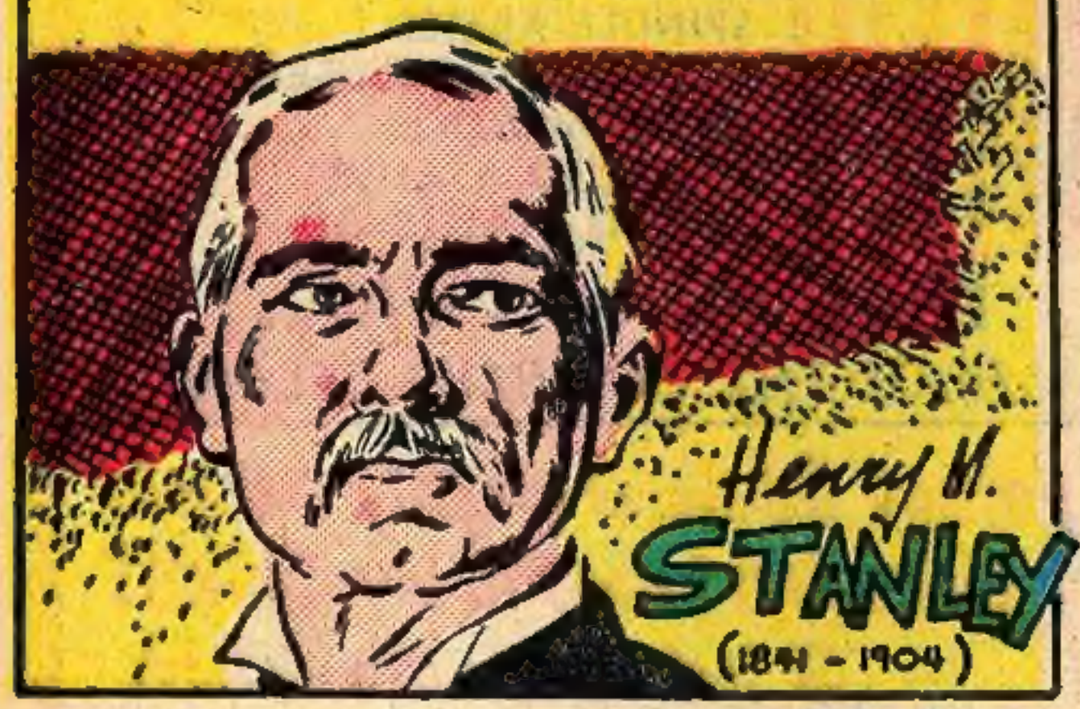
USING THE DRAPE CORD, STEVE MAKES A SERVICEABLE "PACKAGE"...
THEY'LL KEEP NOW UNTIL INSPECTOR CALLAHAN GETS HERE!
HOW YOU DOING, HARRY?
THIS OLD BUZZARD--
--KEPT BITIN' AND SCRATCHIN' LIKE AN ALLEY CAT, STEVE-- SO I HAD TO QUIET HIM DOWN!
LATER...AS PAUL JOHNSON TOO IS SEIZED IN GARVIN'S CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS...
PHOTOSTATIC COPIES OF THE PETITIONS, STEVE! YOU HAD THOSE HERE ALL THE TIME!
YES, INSPECTOR! HOWARD GARVIN AND I KEPT IT SECRET--BECAUSE WE HOPED THE STOLEN PETITIONS WOULD LEAD US TO MR. BIG-- AND THEY DID!
VOTE
WEEKS AFTERWARD... ON A CERTAIN TUESDAY NIGHT IN NOVEMBER...
GARVIN'S FEARLESS ATTACK ON MACHINE POLITICS HAS PUT HIM IN, HARRY--BY A LANDSLIDE!
ELECTION RESULTS
GARVIN... 1,100,574
BURKE... 486,250
I GUESS PEOPLE WILL ALWAYS VOTE FOR AN HONEST MAN, STEVE-- EVERY CHANCE THEY GET!
THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

"NO STICKY HAIR, HANDS OR COMB!" SAYS BERT PARKS
TV STAR OF "BREAK THE BANK"

NOW! A CREAM OIL THAT'S NOT STICKY OR GREASY, YET IT KEEPS YOUR HAIR PERFECTLY GROOMED!
DIFFERENT BECAUSE IT'S LIGHT-BODIED
TRY IT! YOU'LL THANK ME FOR THE TIP!
VITALIS
HOMOGENIZED FOR EASY FLOW. IN HANDY SHAKER-TOP BOTTLE.
MONEY BACK
write us if you don't agree that it's the best cream tonic ever!
SAVE MONEY! 49¢ SIZE HOLDS 3 LEADING 39¢ SIZE CREAM OILS (ALSO IN 27¢ SIZE)
NEW!
VITALIS Hair CREAM
--by Bristol-Myers, makers of famous Vitalis

HEADLINE HEROES



REPORTER JOHN ROWLANDS ADOPTED THE NAME OF HIS NEW ORLEANS BENEFACTOR, HENRY M. STANLEY, AND MADE HIS FIRST CLAIM TO FAME WHEN HE COVERED THE INDIAN WARS IN THE NORTH-WEST FOR THE ST. LOUIS *GLOBE-DEMOCRAT* AT $15 A WEEK AND EXPENSES...

AS ROVING FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT FOR THE NEW YORK *HERALD*, HE ACCOMPANIED GENERAL NAPIER'S EXPEDITION AGAINST KING THEODORE OF ABYSSINIA IN 1868...

ON BEHALF OF THE NEW YORK *HERALD*, STANLEY LED AN EXPEDITION OF THREE WHITE MEN AND THIRTY ARMED NATIVES TO SEARCH FOR THE MISSING EXPLORER, DAVID LIVINGSTONE. NINE MONTHS LATER, A NEVER-TO-BE FORGOTTEN SCENE WAS ENACTED.

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WILD WEST CHARLIE BAGS A MOUNTAIN LION - Thanks to LUDENS

"LOOK! A MOUNTAIN LION!"
"HE'LL KILL THE CATTLE!"
"SHHHH DON'T COUGH KIDS! TAKE LUDENS FOR LUCK!"
CRACK
SCREECH
"REMEMBER... A COUGH CAN BE REAL UNLUCKY. KEEP LUCKY WITH LUDENS WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS!"
"THEY TASTE LIKE REAL CHERRIES!"
"SO GOOD FOR KIDS, YOU CAN EAT EM' IN SCHOOL."
ONLY 5¢
LUDEN'S WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS

ADVERTISEMENT

Aren't YOU as SICK and Tired as I was of being SKINNY ?

CHICKEN-CHESTED
SPINDLE-ARMED
NARROW-SHOULDERED
SHORT-WINDED
WEAK, HALF-ALIVE
JEERED, BULLIED

Then do as I did...
MAIL THE COUPON BELOW

YOU can WIN this big 15" Silver Trophy as Roger just did

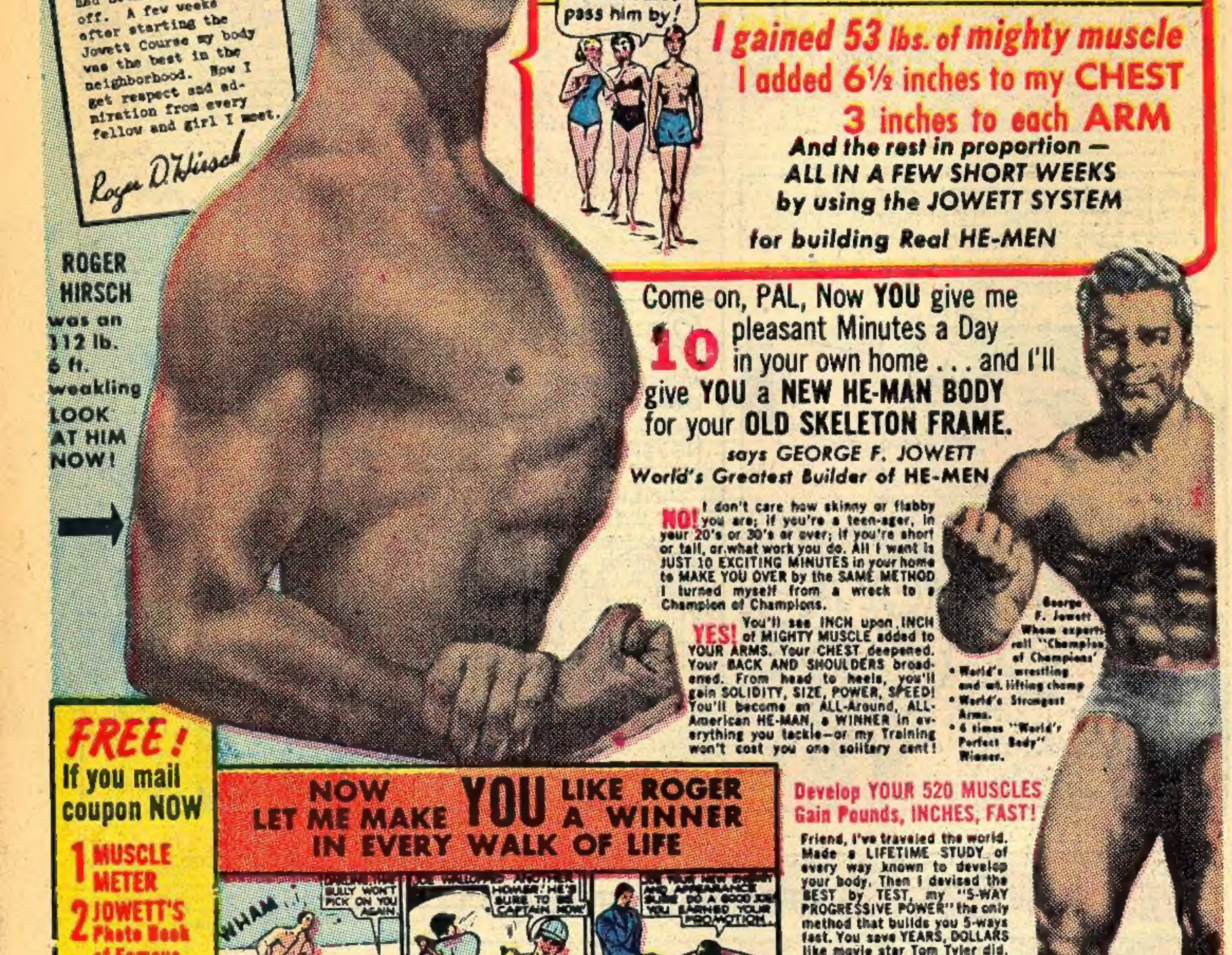
When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch

ROGER HIRSCH was an 112 lb. 6 ft. weakling LOOK AT HIM NOW!

I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST
3 inches to each ARM

And the rest in proportion — ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS by using the JOWETT SYSTEM for building Real HE-MEN



Come on, PAL, Now **YOU** give me **10** pleasant Minutes a Day in your own home . . . and I'll give **YOU** a **NEW HE-MAN BODY** for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says GEORGE F. JOWETT
World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent!

George F. Jowett Whom experts call "Champion of Champions"
- World's wrestling and wt. lifting champ
- World's Strongest Arms.
- 6 times "World's Perfect Body" Winner.

FREE!
If you mail coupon NOW

1 MUSCLE METER

2 JOWETT'S Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

His amazing book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

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Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO . . .

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BOTH FREE!
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DEPT. NC-23

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1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make $5, $10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Tester you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

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And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1950 over 5,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 25,000,000 Television sets will be in use. Over 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast-growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician. Mail coupon for Lesson and Book—FREE.

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Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable Electronic Multitester for conducting tests; also practice servicing Radios or operating Transmitters—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. At left is just part of the equipment my students build with many kits of parts I furnish. All equipment is yours to keep. Many students make $5, $10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.

YOU BUILD this modern Radio (shown) as part of my Servicing Course. Build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N. R. I. gives you ALL the Radio parts . . . speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need. You use material to get practical Radio experience. Make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning.

YOU MEASURE current, voltage (AC, DC and RF), resistance and impedance in circuits with Electronic Multitester (shown right) you build as part of my Servicing or Communications Course.

YOU BUILD this Transmitter (right). As part of my Communications Course, I SEND YOU parts to build this low-power broadcasting transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many practical tests.

YOU BUILD this Wavemeter (below) in my Communications Course with parts I send you. Use it to determine frequencies of operation and make other tests on transmitter currents. You conduct many interesting experiments.

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Look at this brand-new, forced-feed DAISY DEFENDER AIR RIFLE REPEATER—most beautiful Daisy ever! Its rear-sight lowers, lifts—moves right, left—adjusts from notch-sight to peep-sight in a jiffy! Sturdy, adjustable gun sling. Forced-feed shooting barrel has Positive Action. Handy "secret pocket" hidden in butt for carrying Bulls Eye BBs, compass, etc. The streamlined, full oval stock and "hunting style" forepiece are made of amazing new Daisy-developed FIBERON—tough, stronger than wood! DAISY DEFENDER REPEATER is perfect for all-around shooting fun and medal-winning NRA target shooting. Send for facts on this NEW Daisy!

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